

Dr Wells' Cows

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Category: Flash

Genre: Friendship, Humor

Language: English

Characters: Cisco R., Dr. Caitlin S.

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 08:20:10

Updated: 2016-04-10 08:20:10

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:41:11

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,089

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: What really happens when Caitlin and Cisco get lost in 1x11 "The Sound and the Fury." Just a one-shot about their interesting adventure with, of course, cows. Killervibe friendship.

Dr Wells' Cows

A/N: Okay, so this is just a completely random story about Caitlin and Cisco and how they got "lost" at the beginning of 1x11, 'Sound and the Fury,' and I just really like these two's friendship throughout the series so I thought this would be fun to write (and it was) and the reason it's probably so strange is because it was written really late at night, and I probably wasn't thinking too clearly but oh well :) Also, a very special thanks to **simba72598** for writing this story so late at night with me. It was a lot of fun! So, without further ado, we present to you, "Dr. Wells' Cows." **_**

Enjoy! :D_

"You just had to insist on not using our GPS_. 'Let's do it the old fashioned way,' you said. 'It'll be fun,' you said. Well-"

"It's not like it's completely my fault. You are the one driving, in case you haven't noticed, and if you haven't, then I should be very concerned, because-"

"Just look at the mess we're in now! And of all days, too!" Caitlin exclaimed, her voice overlapping that of her companion's. She turned sideways to glare at Cisco, who was staring intently out the window, trying to get a fix on their location. "It's a good thing we made good time on the freeway, because we're going to be extremely late as it is trying to find our way out of-," she gestured to the countryside they were surrounded by, "-this," she finally finished in a rather annoyed voice, waiting for Cisco to acknowledge her again.

Finally he sighed and gave her a sideways glance. "Well, I could think of much _worse_ situations to be in," he said. "Just look at the scenery!"

Caitlin rolled her eyes, internally cringing at his poor grammar. She knew he did it just to annoy her, which worked successfully. But right now she wasn't in the mood to correct him. She just wanted to find their mentor's house, and find out what was going on before anything bad happened.

"Cisco, I _strongly_ believe that Dr. Wells does _not_ live out here. We're in the middle of nowhere!" she cried as they drove past a large meadow full of cows. Cisco shrugged, turning back to look out the window again.

"You never know, Caitlin. You said yourself just a little while earlier that we've never been to Well's place before, and for all we know, he could live on a farm!"

Caitlin scoffed dubiously. "Yeah, and how do you suppose he is able to take care of it? _He's in a wheelchair, Cisco!_"

"Do you have something against wheelchairs?" her friend countered innocently, raising an eyebrow as he spoke. "The dude's a genius, he could find some way to make it all work."

Caitlin just rolled her eyes again and refocused on the road.

Cisco continued to watch the cows in the meadow as they drove by, and he suddenly startled her by shouting, "There, he could live there!"

Caitlin bit her lip to mask an irritated shriek, as she saw the run-down barn situated in the center of the meadow, overgrown with weeds and stained with water-marks testifying to years of disuse. "Francisco Ramon, I can guarantee you that Dr. Wells does not live in that dilapidated barn!"

"How do we know that it's not a mansion on the inside? He could have an entire underground secret lab, and the barn's just the entrance."

"There's not even a road leading to it, Cisco," Caitlin lectured as if he was an elementary schooler. "Just get your phone out, -you did bring it, right?"

Cisco ignored her question and pointed to the cows. "Someone has to live around here. Who takes care of the cows? I hope they're not orphan cows...that would be sad."

Caitlin nearly laughed, but then remembered that she was supposed to be mad at him. Instead, she pulled the car to the side of the road and hit the unlock button on her car's doors.

"Cisco, did you bring your phone?" She stared at him intently until he replied.

"Maybe..."

Caitlin sighed. "You know I left mine at my place, was this why you came up with this ludicrous idea of using our "survival instincts" to navigate Central City?"

"Well...we can just ask for directions," he shrugged her remarks off by opening the car and getting out, standing on the half gravel/half asphalt road they had been traveling on.

"And who exactly are you going to ask, the cows?" Caitlin said sarcastically, refraining from yet another eye roll.

Cisco gave her a smirk. "You know what, I think I will." He closed the door and started walking towards the field.

Caitlin watched him for a moment in disbelief and then turned the car off and got out as well, following him up until she reached the curb.

"For all we know," he called back at her over his shoulder, "these cows could actually be people! They could've been transformed by some crazy experiment Dr. Well's cooked up in his underground barn lab."

Shaking her head slightly, Caitlin couldn't help but smile a bit at her friend's outrageous yet creative ideas. "Cisco, did you even get any sleep last night?"

This time he fully turned around to face her and grinned. "Actually, no. I stayed up to watch a Star Trek marathon they were airing on TV. But don't worry, I had some candy for breakfast this morning, so I have enough energy to keep me going for the rest of the day."

Caitlin put her head in her hands. "Cisco, as your doctor, I disapprove of your un-nutricious eating habits." All she heard was Cisco laugh in response.

Caitlin looked around again, a new idea suddenly striking her. "If Dr. Well's was attacked, how come Barry or any of the other police aren't here?"

Cisco was silent for a moment before his eyes grew wide. "Dr. Well's turned them all into cows!" he exclaimed with perhaps too much enthusiasm, in Caitlin's opinion, and then he started gesturing for her to come closer to the cow he was now standing next to. "Come here and tell me if this looks like Barry to you."

"Cisco, I'm wearing heels. I am not traipsing through a field full of cow manure and who knows what else to stare at a cow that I most certainly know is not Barry Allen."

"No but Caitlin, look at his eyes!" Cisco argued, bending down to stare at the cow that was peacefully eating grass. "His eyes are like, exactly the same as Barry's!"

"Do you study Barry's eyes often?" she asked, crossing her arms and giving him a pointed look.

"All the time." She could see that Cisco was trying to keep a straight face but was failing miserably.

Caitlin was about ready to give up. She should've known better than to carpool with Cisco, but since they had been heading to the same place, it just seemed like the logical course of action. And besides, Cisco's car was hardly suitable to ride in - even for Cisco himself.

As a result, they had ridden together in Caitlin's car plenty of times before, but never had they gotten THIS lost in either vehicle. True, Central City wasn't too big of a place, but Caitlin found it utterly ridiculous that they couldn't even find their way to Well's house without a GPS.

_But at least you're not lost _and_ alone_, she thought quietly to herself as she made her way back to the car, and she had to admit that it was true. She found that traveling with Cisco not only helped save gas money for the both of them, but also, in some strange way, was actually quite enjoyable. She always (well, not always but _most times_) seemed to be in a better mood when she was with him. Maybe it was because of his carefree attitude, or his jokes or the way he could make her smile and laugh, but Caitlin was sure it was actually because of just one thing: she liked being around her friend. _Best_ _friend, actually_, she mentally corrected, although she was starting to question her choice in companionship while watching him make faces at the cows.

She finally returned to her car and opened the door, climbing back inside. She pressed the car horn, startling all the cows, and hollered, "Cisco, let's go! We're already ten minutes late."

"Caitlin, you just scared Joe!" Cisco yelled, pointing at another cow not too far from 'Barry.' Caitlin just honked the horn again and watched in satisfaction as Cisco begrudgingly started walking toward the car. As soon as her friend was back in the car with his seatbelt safely clicked, she turned the keys to ignite the engine only to hear a sputtering sound coming from the hood of her car.

"Oh no, c'mon, not today," Caitlin pleaded to her car, but it didn't listen. She tried to start the car again, but the engine continued to sputter and then die.

"Of all the days..." Cisco mumbled, voicing her thoughts out loud. He then hopped out of the car and opened the hood, examining what was wrong. "It's just the battery," he told her after a moment's consideration. "If we can find a way to jump start it, we'll be good. All we need is another car..." he trailed off as he turned around, staring at the empty road and the meadow full of cows. "...or we can just make something to use as a power source, right?" he gave her a small smile and a shrug. "It should be easy. We're engineers- and some of the smartest people in the city, if I do say so myself- we can make it work."

Caitlin was all for being humble, but she had to admit he had a point. If anyone could make the car start back up, it was the two of them. Within a few minutes, they had created a makeshift battery from the cigarette lighter and some aluminum cans they found in the ditch nearby. It wasn't very strong, but it had just enough voltage to jumpstart the original battery.

"Look at that, Caitlin!" Cisco said as the car battery thrummed to life. "We're as good as MacGyver! Remember watching that show?"

"How could I forget," Caitlin responded. "You made me stay up all night so that we could watch the first season."

Cisco gave a strange laugh, one that made Caitlin look at him, half-concerned, half-amused. "Good times, good times." He muttered to himself. Caitlin shook her head. The sooner they got to Dr. Wells' house the better. Cisco needed sleep.

They both climbed back into her car, the engine now running smoothly, and turned around to head back to the main road. The moment they saw another truck on the road, the two of them both flagged him down rather enthusiastically. As the driver pulled to a stop, Caitlin and Cisco both leaned out the window to wave at him.

"We need help," Caitlin called to him as he almost warily approached their car. "How do you get to this place?" she gave him the slip of paper that had Dr. Well's address on it. The man raised his eyebrows and gave a throaty chuckle. "Boy are you two lost. You're on the wrong side of the city. You need to head north on the main highway and then take a couple lefts..." he then proceeded to give them verbal instructions as Caitlin quickly managed to scribble them down on the back of the paper. When he finished, they both gave him a much appreciated thanks and left the countryside, heading back into town.

"Well at least we know where we're going now, no thanks to you and your cows," Caitlin grumbled good-naturedly to Cisco.

"Hey, they weren't my cows - they were Dr. Well's cows," he corrected her. She couldn't help but smile.

When they finally pulled into the driveway full of police cars and yellow tape, Caitlin parked the car and turned to look at Cisco. "How about we do not mention that we spent almost twenty minutes in some cow pasture across town, alright?"

Cisco nodded and got out of the car, laughing. "Agreed."

Later when they entered the building and were asked by Barry what had kept them for so long, the two friends shared a look and shrugged, pretending to not know.

"We just got lost."

End
file.